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Till with intoxication leered the eye
Of each, save that fixed in the iron head
Of the stern host ; full vainly might you try
In him the least effect of liquor to descry.

When each revolving year brought back the day,
Fruitful of altercation more than cess ;
And in the parish church, the stiff array
Of grumbling clowns their neighbours used to press,
Eager to vote a small assessment less,
Who e'er missed Ralph from that contentious clan ?
Their leader grim, he stood in readiness
To question every vote, to thwart each plan,
And the last year's account with jealous glance to scan.

With Latin lore he troubled not his brain,
To skill in Greek he never made pretence ;
In sooth he thought all other knowledge vain,
Save that which served to multiply the pence.
What cared he for impassioned eloquence ?
What for a set of lines together strung ?
All bootless chiming, Ralph deemed want of sense ;
One silv'ry clink in his ear sweeter rung
Than all those dreaming fools, the bards, have ever sung.

Let crazy rhymers talk of "purling rills,"
Of "sleep inducing fountains murmur'ing nigh"—
Ralph thought the music of his washing mill,
And beetling engines, sweetest lullaby !
Transporting thought ! at ease in bed to lie,
Soothed by the money-making sounds to sleep ;
While all night long th' enduring engines ply—
While all night long the bleachers vigil keep,
Into his teeming bags whole piles of wealth to sweep !

Thus much of Ralph :—perhaps to market town
E'en still o'er muddy road, he jogs along ;
E'en still he bargains for the linen brown
Of weavers pale, 'midst many a clam'rous throng ;
But let that pass, together with my song,
Now fairly spent—no other thought remains,
No traits unmentioned to our wight belong,
Which can recal my dull prosaic brains,
That I may further weave in rough Spenserian strains.

DUNENSIS.

LAYING A GHOST.

In the town of Ballydiach, lived about eighty years ago, one of those old drinking swearing squires, who was said to have been enrolled a member of that blessed confraternity, called the Hell-fire Club.* The gentleman, to be sure, was not only a very jolly, but a very jolly-looking personage ; being as most toping squires usually are, of a high complexion, with a nose richly chased, and ornamented with rubies, carbuncles, and a considerable variety of those star-like gems, which shine in the glowing firmament of a good fellow's face. This jovial gentleman was said by many to have sold himself to the devil ; although it was asserted by others that no such sale had taken place ; and it was ironically added by the humorous vicar of the parish, that the bargain had been actually completed, but that the deeds could not be drawn up

* To some of our modern readers it may, perhaps, appear incredible that such a club as this should have existed in the land of saints—such was actually the case, however ; and that in the recollection of many still living.

for want of a conveyancer ; this, however, could not be true, as it was well known, that there resided three lawyers within the limits of the parish. Others said, that Counsellor Pliant had drawn up the document, but refused to take any fee from the old boy, he having it in his power to throw so many briefs in his way, under the character of an attorney. Not a few were of opinion, that Satan absolutely declined having any thing to do with the squire in the way of purchase ; but whether because he was a bad bargain at best, or whether the old gentleman thought that by waiting for a short time, he was sure to have the reversion of him in the course of nature, we cannot say. Certain it was, however, that a connexion of an intimate nature was supposed to subsist between them, otherwise the terms in which the squire was spoken of by the people were any thing but significant, when they called him “ the devil’s *own* ould chap ”—“ the devil’s *own* boy ”—and so on, ringing changes upon such phrases as implied a very kind understanding between them.

Now it so happened, that Squire Warnock had an old servant, who had grown grey and wicked in his service. There was no man in the parish of any degree, who could drink down the squire—but Nogher ; no man who had so many wicked jests, or who could give them such wicked turns as Warnock—but Nogher ; or none who could outswear or outstrip him in framing new-coined oaths—but Nogher. On the latter point they were both unrivalled ; and, indeed, it might be asserted of them, that if the oaths were taken away from what they said, both would be men of exceedingly few words in conversation. There was once a challenge to swear sent to them by Squire Trillywagger and his huntsman, the execrations to take place in the blasphemy-room of the Hell-fire Club, of which Trillywagger was also a member. The challenge of course was accepted ; but Warnock and Nogher both swore for nearly twenty minutes after Trillywagger and the huntsman were exhausted, or only able to double back upon the same oaths.

Both, however, died ; Nogher at the end of spring and a drunken fit, and the squire in the middle of autumn and an oath. Nogher was but a servant, and not of sufficient importance to appear after death, but Warnock’s body was scarcely in the clay, when he was seen by the servants walking through the rooms in his usual dress, and by the neighbours riding about, night after night, on his favourite hunter *Skewball*, with the identical tin-boots, and flame-coloured suit upon him, in which he was in the habit of attending the Hell-fire Club. Indeed, it required no witch to tell them that he would appear after his death, for when the coffin was put into the hearse, the united strength of the undertaker’s six black horses could not move it an inch. In vain did those who attended the funeral cudgel and kick, and shove them forward ; they could not budge, no more than if they had been striving to draw the hill of Howth. Several men then attempted to take the coffin out of the hearse, but it was immovable, and smelt powerfully of brimstone. Six fresh horses were next put in, but with equal success, they pulled and pulled until they smashed the traces, and broke away altogether out of the harness, trembling and sweating with the most extraordinary terror.

In this state of things, the parish priest and the parson, in order to exorcise the coffin, were both called upon by the owner of the hearse, who declared it to be one of the *weightiest undertakings* he had ever engaged in. The parson fearing it might also prove as dead a weight to his spiritual power, as it did to the physical strength of the horses, refused in the bluntest manner to take the harness ; he said he was only one man, but that less than a forty-parson-power, at the very least, could never move it. This was considered by no means friendly of the parson towards a

carcase with which he had spent so many jovial evenings, when it was in a drinking condition. The priest, however, was more grateful to his old companion, and accordingly yoking himself in his stole, pulled out his book, and did his miracle in the most satisfactory manner. A certain good-humoured twinkle was observed in his eye, it is true, but this must have been produced by the consciousness of his own power. The parson considered the business a grave one, but the priest, whose miraculous strength was greater than that of the six horses, although he laid great *weight* upon the miracle, made very *light* of the coffin, declaring that if it were ten times heavier he could remove it with equal ease. After he had read his prayer, and shook his holy-water over it, the horses were put to, and moved on without any difficulty to the grave-yard, where the body of the squire was deposited in the *wettest* spot which could be found, in conformity with his special directions, for he said that it would be a comfort to him to keep his clay *moist* as long as possible. His friends accordingly selected a situation near the *parson's* house, which they found to be best adapted to fulfil his wishes on *that* point.

About ten days after his interment, half-a-dozen of the members of the Hell-fire Club, were one winter's evening drinking in the inn of the town where the squire had lived ; for this was the house in which they always assembled. They were of course stout dare-devil fellows, who feared nothing—like some of our whiskered and moustached heroes, who walk about with all their courage on the outside, now that there is no particular use for it any where else, or who are so ready to exercise it upon landlords, and waiters, and mail-coach guards, simply to keep it in action, lest when a pressing occasion for it should occur, they might find it unserviceable. At all events, these brimstone gentlemen who could stand fire so well, were sitting, as I have said, engaged in a conversation, whose ingredients were indecency, noise, laughter, and oaths. Over near the door, was the chair formerly occupied by the squire ; for it had been put aside until a successor with proper qualifications should be elected to fill it. Some jest or other from one of the candidates had produced a roar of laughter, which was certainly loud and long enough, though not so loud but that the well-known laugh of the departed squire could be heard to join in it with his usual glee. They paused, and looked towards his chair, where, to their infinite terror, he sat shaking his sides at the smutty joke of the last speaker. We said they were men of courage, like the whiskered heroes of modern days ; but for all that they exhibited symptoms of fear, as strong as could be displayed by the most common-place cravens. Their courage, in fact, had not time to shape itself into proper attitude against the danger ; so in the mean time they became panic-struck, and crowded up one behind another in that corner of the room which was farthest from their old friend and associate, Bob Warnock. Never had the Whigs a greater struggle for that which they have at last obtained, to wit, place and pension, than had these gentry for the innermost corner ; never did any man, after a decided reverse in his circumstances, experience a greater abandonment of old friends, than did the squire upon this occasion. Every man turned his back to him, like the members of Dan's Club, a strong proof that he must have been brought *low* indeed, since, full of flesh and blood, impiety and claret, he had jested among them—the jolliest of the jolly, and the wickedest where all were wicked. There he sat no longer the *life* of the club, although we must certainly grant that on that occasion he was the *soul* of the company.

Now among all who were present, none made more desperate efforts to get into the heart of the little knot that jostled each other in the

corner, than the apothecary—who being distantly related to him, had supplied him with medicine in his illness, and expected to be remembered by him in his will. He caught the village doctor by the wig, which came with him, leaving the head that wore it bald as the addle egg of an ostrich, to which in configuration and brains, it bore a strong resemblance. The doctor caught the exciseman as the best shield against *illicit* spirits, but the exciseman not being disposed to *engage* with him, dived into the thick of the scrambling party, and threw Captain Culverin to the outside, who caught Surgeon Surfeit, who caught Bob Ruby, who caught the Apothecary, who, in his second clutch, caught the Doctor by the nose, which in order to hold his gripe he almost twisted off his face.

In this struggle for safety, the Apothecary bethought him of the window, through which he darted head foremost into the garden, which was *only* about eighteen feet beneath it; he was instantly followed by the Doctor, who was followed by the Exciseman, who was followed by all the rest, and so rapidly did they succeed each other in their descent, that a very handsome pyramid was soon erected, of which the Apothecary, Doctor, and Exciseman, formed the base.

The next morning the port and claret which they had been drinking, probably struck by a similar terror, had also disappeared; the story took wind, or rather the wind took the story to every quarter of the parish. For several nights afterwards, experiments were made by parties of fellows, who vowed that nothing should drive them from the room. A certain species of courage, however, is often very valorous in the absence of an enemy. Every succeeding set improved upon the rapidity with which their predecessors had escaped by the window; some contusions were received, and some collar-bones broken, and one man declared that on getting through the window, he had received a most ungenerous visitation from the squire's tin boot, which he said was applied to him in a part which he could not defend—with a vigour, too, that spoke very feelingly for the bodily strength of the spirit, and compelled himself to suffer in the flesh.

The spirit, however, soon began to visit every room in the house, as well as that which was appropriated to the use of the Hell-fire Club. For three weeks the clanking of chains could be heard every night; and a strong smell of brimstone perfumed the house—an odour which the common people considered to be a very proper one, as coming from a departed member of the club. The parson was now once more called upon, but the spirit snapped its fingers in his face with defiance, and perfumed him to such a degree with foetid vapour, that he never returned to grapple with it again.

The Presbyterian minister was next called upon, but the spirit was near tweaking him by the nose; so overwhelming was the odour on this occasion, that he retreated with an alacrity very surprising in a man of his years, leaving the squire to the full enjoyment of his power. After him was the Methodist preacher brought to wrestle with it, but it received him with greater contempt, if possible, than that with which it had treated the other two.

At length when all had failed, the Rev. Father Lavrock was once more sent for, to free the house of such an unwelcome inhabitant. For some time before he came, it had established itself in the cellar, where the wine and spirits would have been accessible to mere mortals, had they been disposed to try their flavour. Father Lavrock, who befriended them at the *dead lift* on the day of the funeral, was accompanied by his curate, Father Cruskeen; and as this second display of his power was more important even than the first, the Protestant parson, the Presby-

terian minister, and the Methodist preacher, all attended to see themselves outdone, together with the principal inhabitants of the town. This Father Lavrock was the man whom some of the Hell-fire Club had invited to dinner on a Friday, with the purpose of insulting him. They placed an excellent leg of mutton before him, then holding a pistol to his ear, swore, that if he did not immediately eat a hearty dinner off it, they would—*pull the trigger!* He immediately threw his napkin over it, and on repeating a few words, again uncovered the mutton, when to their utter astonishment appeared in its place, as rich a salmon as ever made the tooth of an epicure water.

When he and Father Cruskeen arrived, they were shown into the parlour, where the company were assembled to witness the ceremony of laying old Warnock. Both their noses were stopped with plugs steeped in holy-water, to keep out the overwhelming smell of the brimstone, which was perfectly stifling to those who approached the spirit. In one pocket, Father Lavrock had a bottle of strong double extra holy-water, to keep his outward person safe, and in the other a bottle of dew gathered on the mountains, and consecrated by himself, to strengthen him inwardly.

"Gintlemen," said he, to those who were in the parlour, "would you wish that I should ordher this ould Warnock to appear in the middle of you—or would you prefer that I should *lay* him in another room? Maybe you'd relish seeing him settled for ever wid your own eyes. But first a few words wid these three gintlemen in black here. Now, what's the rason," said he to the parson, "that *you* havn't the power to banish him? Eh? I ax you the quishtion like a Christian clergyman, in the face of all prisint? And *you*, Sir," he added to the Presbyterian. "And my worthy circumambient friend, why are not *you* able to wrestle one fall wid it?" said he to the Methodist preacher—"Can't ye answer me? eh? ah," he added, shaking his head, "I could answer for ache of you; but this is no time to start a discourse on conthroversy, or, holy Dominick, but I'd pepper yees wid larning and languages, that ye'd not understand every tenth word of. Mr. Dease," said he to the proprietor of the house, "will you be good enough to furnish me wid a thumb-bottle that has no crack or flaw in it, and a cork to fit it?"

This was immediately procured from the apothecary, who said he would give the best bottle in his shop for such a purpose.

"Father Cruskeen," said he, "will you volunteer to encounther Warnock along wid me?"

At this moment the strong fumes of brimstone filled the room, and a sudden fit of sneezing having rendered it smellable to the curate, he got pale, and declared that it was not want of faith but of courage, which prevented him.

"As for my faith, Father Lavrock," he replied, "I can believe as *much* as any priest in the diocese, and fifty times *more* than some unbelievers present; but my nerves, Sir, and my physical strinth fail me; yet I feel my faith like a rock still, only that I'm afeard."

"Of course," said Father Lavrock, "of course your faith is excellint, only it's a little shy just now; a brave man you are in the absence of the inimy." Saying which, he seized the candle and descended alone to the cellar. Immediately on his entrance the candle was blown out, and he found himself in utter darkness.

"Be you devil, or Warnock, or warlock—in the first place I can tell you, that you're a big reprobate, for reducing the room to darkness in the manner you've done. Be the bones of St. Dominick, it's aisy known

your deeds are evil, for you don't love the light, you brimstone villain you!"

He then returned to the company, lit the candle, and once more descended without speaking a word; but on this occasion, he took care to observe the room as accurately as possible, before he entered it. With caution he advanced, held up the candle, and over in the corner of the cellar, beheld Warnock staggering like a man who had made too free with spirits, whilst the appearance of another spirit was visible, as he escaped out of a dark window that led by some passage from the room.

"Commando te, bestium diabolicum, answerare me in nomine omnium saintorum et saintarum, cum axo te quapropter visitaris hanc domum—vel has aedes—vel hoc hypocaustum—Domine Warnock, spiritus reprobissime, et damnatissime, et damnabilissime, et damnandissime, qui per sanctum Dominicum, et damnatus et damnandus es—per omnia secula seculorum. Amen."

Warnock, however, was silent, but the priest could perceive that he scratched his head like a poor devil who was evidently perplexed.

"Do you undherstand Latin, you reprobate from the ragions below?"

"Arrah, bud an' age! is it me your Reverence? oh, the devil a taste itself—the Lord forgive me for swearin', an' your Reverence to the fore."

"Salvation to me! eh—if you're Warnock—you common disturber you—tell me who you are, or by St. Dominick, I'll sink you into the earth at a word's spaking."

"By dad, your Reverence is comin' hard upon us, so you are; but sure you wouldn't send us farther down nor the cellar, any way?"

"Sarraah, no parleying, but tell me who you are, before I glue the tongue agin the roof of your mouth while you live; who, or what are you, you shkaimer?"

"Well, well!" replied the spirit, "I tould Paddy it would ind this way at last—death alive, Sir, don't you know your ould friend?"

"How could I know you," said the priest, "have you not the appearance of ould Warnock, tin boots and all?"

"Why thin, doesn't your Reverence know Larry Shevlin, brother to Nogher, ould Warnock's man, that died last spring in a severe fit of brandy?"

"Why, and are you Larry?"

"Throth, Sir, it wasn't o' myself I did it, but at the insigation of Paddy Hanratty, that (hiccup) put me up to it—bekase, Sir, we had the clothes o' the ould thief, along wid the wig and tin boots, myself havin' always a strong cast o' his face too, (hiccup) an' then Paddy, Sir, was fond o' the dhrink, Sir, (hiccup) and made too free wid it entirely (hiccup)."

"And what's that in your hand, Larry? Don't stagger."

"Devil a hapurth in life, Sir, but a bottle, Sir (hiccup)."

"A bottle, Larry a chora, an' betwixt ourselves, Larry avourneen, what might be in it? Spake aisier Larry, and stand steady; what might be in it, a bouchal?"

"Eh, faix your Reverence, is that where you are—ha, ha, ha—see—just this way, Sir, for it's more than half down—(hiccup)—up wid your elbow, Sir—nearer the bottom—eh—ha, ha, ha—did you ever taste a purtier dthrop, your Reverence?"

"Holy St. Dominick! such brandy! never seen water!"

"Oh, thin the sorra *spudh*, since it came from the still-eye; only that Paddy, Sir—(hiccup)—I may finish this sup, Sir—that Paddy you see was too fond of it, Sir—tundher an—eh?—pursue the dthrop's in it."

"An' whisper, Larry, or ould Warnock, I should say—is it thrue that you chased the three black coats, and the hell-fire gentry?"

"Pursue the dhrup's in it! At one pull too! Well, after that?"

"I say you reprob—Larry a vick, did you hear me? *Commando te in nomine saintorum et saintarum, et omnium monckorum beatorum et monckarum beatarum, et sucerdotiarum sanctissimarum, et sacerdotiarum sanctissimarum*"——

"Faix, an' if you want *more o' 'em*, there's enough in the corner here."

"I say, you sprissaun, if you don't answer me, by the seven evangelists that carried the seven goolden candlesticks to the Ephasions, I'll glue your heels to the ceiling—I will by three words spaking."

"Oh, murder! What is it your Reverence?"

"I say, didn't you make the three black-coats and the others run?"

"The sorra purtier chase (hiccup) ever you seen than we gave them, your Reverence—ha, ha—but Paddy, Sir, wouldn't keep from the dhrink, all—all—(hiccup) I could do."

"Well, I'll tell you what Larry, you must give up this work—out wid you now, and if I ever hear that you annoy this house agin, I'll have you both punished; for its death according to law, for one that has a body to become a spirit, and frighten his majesty's subjects out of their sinses."

"An' maybe your Reverence would be oblagein enough to keep what passed on the dumb side of your tongue, Sir (hiccup)—wasn't it the choice *rise* we tuck out o' the dhrunken set o' them brimstone thieves, (hiccup) that do nothin' but drink (hiccup) and swear, your Reverence?"

"Larry, I'll say nothing about it; but listen, if either of you brathe a syllable, by the three rungs of Jacob's laddher you'll cross the saes; so mind I'm sworn most solemniously (hiccup)."

"Oh, the sor-sorra word, Sir; good night your Reverence. Will I bring the sulwhur an' rotten lard along wid me, Sir, (hiccup) or lave them to keep the house healthy, Sir, you undherstand?"

"Yes," said the priest, "lave nothing at all behind you, except the tin boots, as you can walk faster without them; or stay, Larry, bring them in your hand, put a stone into ache, and fling them into the lake—do ye hear me—and keep silence while you live on this subject."

Very soon afterwards, the priest came up stairs with the thumb-bottle closely corked. "Now," said he, "if there's any gintilman here who wishes to get a sight of Warnock, I can accommodate him."

This, however, they declined. "Mister Dease," he added, addressing the proprietor of the inn, "I have put him into this bottle, which I shall throw into the lake behind the garden, but you are bound never to suffer the Hell-fire Club to sit in your house agin. As for Warnock, his spirit's laid, he'll never trouble you more."

The landlord was so much delighted at this display of spirituality from the humorous priest, that he made all who were present stay for supper, which was enlivened by the port and claret, on which Larry and his companions, aided by Warnock's flame-coloured costume and tin boots, had so often regaled themselves.

"Now," said the priest, after some private conversation with his reverend brethren present, who smiled, and shook their heads approvingly, "I am sorry, gintilmen of the Hell-fire Club, to be undher the unpleasant necessity of making a small taste of revelation to you upon a certain point, in which you have, ache of you, something like what I'd call a very purty share of intherest."

" And pray, father Lavrock, what may it be ? " inquired the worthies, alarmed at the solemnity of the priest's manner.

" Why," said he " in one sinse, not much—that is, as far as the world would be concerned ; but to yourselves it's a thrifle, any way. In three words"—and he commenced knocking the floor with the end of the poker—" ye are doomed to go in this direction, except ye change your villanous coorses. I got that much out of Warnock, at any rate ; an' more, maybe, that ye know nothing about. As for the apothecary here—but it's sufficient to say, that I'm in possession of a sacret that I might make a dacent penny by, if"—

" Gentlemen," said the apothecary, bouncing up in a state of alarm, " you'll all dine with me to-morrow—I insist upon it—and, father Lavrock, you in particular, and your curate, Mr. Cruskeen, must be certain to favour me with your company."

" To be sure," said the priest, " we will be happy, not only to attend you ourselves, but to meet all our friends here. Doctor," said he to the physician—" I believe you and the apothecary have been very intimate of late—Warnock and I had some convers"—

" Gentlemen," said the doctor, " I insist that you shall all eat a bit of mutton with me on the day *after* to-morrow—as far as port and claret, and two or three other things go, you shall be well treated. You, Father Lavrock, in particular, and Father Cruskeen, must be certain to favour me with your very engaging company."

" Of coorse," replied the funny priest, " we shall not only be happy to do ourselves that honour, but to have the pleasure of meeting all our friends here, at your very hospitable table."

" Surgeon Surfeit," said the priest, " by the bye, where did you take out your diploma, Sir, if I may presume ? Warnock and I in the cellar below"—

" Gentlemen," said the surgeon, " as you are to dine with my worthy friends here, on to-morrow and the day after, I beg you will do me the favour of scratching a plate with me on the day following the doctor's entertainment—as for fare, I trust you shall have no reason to complain."

" We shall be happy to attend you, Sir," said Father Lavrock.

It is unnecessary to say that the adroit priest managed them admirably, or that the dinners were eaten with becoming energy. On the breaking up of the last entertainment, Father Lavrock gave " a full and true account" of the apparition, (sinking the brandy-bottle,) which, as it was the only spirit he layed during the exorcism, he did not think proper to disturb by narration. At all events, there was many a hearty laugh against the doughty members of the Hell-fire Club, for their valour in encountering that in which they pretended to put no faith, and at the trick Larry Shevlin and the worthy priest had put upon them.

" POUR DIRE ADIEU."

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

ADIEU ! thou best and early lov'd ! companion, friend, adieu !
 Thou who hast touch'd my heart and harp when hope and joy were new ;
 Thou who hast known with me full well how exquisite the breath
 Of love—hope—feeling—all the flowers the young heart gathereth !
 Oh ! none can tell how mournful 'tis, when early friendships part—
 It is the first and withering pang that rives the youthful heart !
 When the dawning of a brighter sky is overcast with cloud,
 And flowers that should have strew'd love's path, but weave for love a shroud !